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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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### POETRY.

#### Gethsemane.

In golden youth, when seems the earth  
A summer land for singing mirth,  
When souls are glad and hearts are light,  
And not a shadow lurks in sight,  
We do not know it, but there lies  
Somewhere, veiled under evening skies,  
A garden all mist and some time seen—  
Somewhere lies our Gethsemane.

With joyous steps we go our ways,  
Love leads a halo to the days,  
Light sorrows sail like clouds far,  
We laugh and say how strong we are,  
We hurry on—and hurrying go  
Close to the border land of woe  
That waits for you and waits for me—  
Forever waits Gethsemane.

Down shadowy lanes, across strange streams  
Bridged over by our broken dreams,  
Behind the misty caps of years,  
Close to the great salt font of tears,  
The garden lies; strive as you may,  
You cannot miss it in your way.  
All paths that have been or shall be  
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane!

All those who journey soon or late  
Must pass within the garden's gate;  
Must kneel alone in darkness there  
And battle with some fierce despair.  
God pity those who cannot say,  
"Not mine but thine," who only pray,  
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see  
The purpose in Gethsemane.

—Ella Wheeler.

### STORY TELLER.

#### In the Tunnel.

The railroad station known as Glen Cove is one of the dreariest this side of that final abode said to be extremely sultry, where all presidents, directors, and other railroad officials, more especially ticket agents, fetch up and finish their labors. Were it not so hard on Mugby Junction, I should say Glen Cove was the Mugby Junction of America. Indigestion is kept there, like field ammunition in the quartermaster's department, to serve out at a moment's notice to hungry and insane passengers, and it is safe, for the trains carry away the sufferers to die in other localities.

One hot, sunny day in midsummer I found myself anticipating the punishments due for sins and shortcomings in this world by waiting for an eastern-bound train long overdue, as if the trains, like passengers, disliked approaching the depot at which I suffered.

A surly telegrapher, also ticket agent, who shot insults and tickets through a hole at people, told me after an hour's cross-examination that was very cross, that my train had bought up in a corn-field, and I could not possibly get away by rail before midnight.

Now, what to do with myself from the noon of this information to the noon of night was a question that sorely perplexed me. I had no books, no papers, no anything to relieve the dull monotony of that awful time.

I wandered listlessly about the dirty frame and platform. Both were hot enough to roast potatoes in the shade. I gazed on—nay, I studied all the colored bills, giving picturesque views of various towns, and telling in assorted type the advantages each had over the other—the only bit of amusement I had, and it was very mild. I found in guessing at the missing letters of a bill which read "Rough line to Chicago," some scamp had cut out the initials "rh" when the bill had originally read "Through line to Chicago."

While upon the platform gazing at an accommodation train just in, that was awaiting its conductor leisurely getting orders from the telegrapher, I was attracted by a noisy crowd of men and boys, gathered about a young fellow whose face indicated the idiotic condition that originated their entertainment.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered, well formed youth, and well dressed for one in his condition. But he had his clothes half buttoned, in the loose, reckless manner of one of his class, while his face, without intellectual outlook, was regular in feature, and one could see, had there been a brain back of it, would have been eminently handsome. As anxiety and care had ceased writing its record of age upon his face, it was difficult to tell his age. He had the form of a man and the face of a child.

"It's the opinion of this crowd, Len," said the blacksmith to the idiot, "that you can beat that locomotive in a race from here to the tunnel, and we have bet \$10,000 on it."

The poor fellow's dead face lit up with an expression of delight, so pitiable that it would have disarmed any other crowd than the one engaged in chaffing him. He gazed wistfully at the huge locomotive that stood hissing in the hot sun as if wrathful at the delay, and then he turned to the cruel crowd as if the suggestion was slowly

working its way through his poor crippled brain.

"Go in, Len," cried one of the crowd, "we've got our money on you, and you're bound to win."

"We'll give you fifty yards the start. You keep on the track," cried the blacksmith, "and the thing can't pass you."

I could scarcely believe these scoundrels were in earnest, when the surly engineer gave the last bang to his noisy bell, exploded a short snort from the locomotive in the way of warning, and to my astonishment I saw the idiot throwing off his coat, start down the track ahead of the train. Fortunately the engineer caught sight of the poor fellow, and checking the speed of the locomotive, began ringing him off the track. This was responded to by the idiot bawling out with great glee: "Come on with your old tea-kettle," and the brutal crowd cheered, and roared with laughter.

The crowd, keeping along with the train, cheered lustily, and the lunatic "spurred" as they saw in a boat race—that is, shot ahead and exhibited considerable power as a racer by the speed with which he got over the ground. The engineer, infuriated at the delay, put on speed and rattled after. But he was upon a down grade, and fearful of overtaking the unfortunate, he almost immediately put on the brakes and checked up again.

By this time heads were thrust out of windows and the platforms crowded by passengers whose excitement became noisy and intense as they discovered that it was a human being instead of a cow that impeded their progress. As for the idiot, he paused only long enough to indulge in a jeering laugh and a gesture that was more irritating than decent.

The crowd of brutal loafers that exhibited more industry in accompanying the race on the occasion than they had probably manifested in making an honest living for a year previous, went tearing along each side of the locomotive, laughing, shouting, cheering on the idiot, while hurling all sorts of exasperating epithets at the engineer, who, by this time, was nearly blind with rage.

At this moment the conductor made his appearance, and crawling out upon the tender, began throwing lumps of coal at the boy, as the engineer, putting on steam, drew near the poor fellow.

Fortunately the conductor's aims were not well taken, for had the young man been knocked down the locomotive would have undoubtedly run over him.

From this the rough antecourt of the train desisted, for the idiot's backers, with an American sense of fair play that animates even the roughest of our brutes, began pelting the conductor with stones, each pebble sent with the accuracy of a rifle shot. He retreated hurriedly to the engine house, where he rubbed his person in a comical way with one hand while with the other he assuaged his wrath by a furious ringing of the bell. The engineer seconded his efforts by letting off short shrieks and keeping the locomotive frightfully close upon the heels of the wretched youth.

Having begun life with a strange disposition to take upon myself the ills of others, and finding such practice extremely unpleasant and useless, I have gradually trained myself into the other extreme, and generally bear the misfortunes of my friends with a philosophical indifference that is very compositing. On this occasion, however, I forgot my cynicism and found myself running under that broiling sun, shaking my fist, with my heart in my mouth, at the conductor, and demanding in the most authoritative manner that he stop the train.

From the depot to the tunnel was about a mile; to accomplish this distance the train and idiot occupied some twenty minutes. The passengers, crowded at windows and on the platforms, took as lively an interest in the affair as the entire population of Glen Cove that accompanied the train and backed the idiot. It was a godsend to the passengers, and they expressed their satisfaction by the loudest betting and cheers, first for the locomotive and then for its strange competitor.

It was neck and neck between life and the locomotive. A false step, a stumble, and the huge mass of roaring, throbbing iron would have gone crushing over the frail body of the man, who so strangely impeded its progress. And such result was imminent; for the poor fellow, exhausted by excitement and over exertion, staggered at times, and at times reeled as if about

to fall, in a way to make me shudder.

That such would probably have been the result became painful apparent, when an abrupt and somewhat unexpected termination was put to the cruel sport. The man stationed at the mouth of the tunnel and employed to keep its murky depths clear of obstructions, suddenly seized the youth, at the risk of his own life, and threw him with some violence to one side. Such was the effort that both rolled over, and the huge locomotive, giving a shrill scream of triumph, dived into the tunnel, followed by the long train, that disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed it.

It sat down at the mouth of the subterranean excavation quite exhausted as the crowd dispersed, and from the mouth of the dark entrance was pleased to find a cool damp air that came out in puffs, as if a dragon were coiled up within and panted out its cold, clammy breath. I asked the old watchman a series of idea questions, of a statistical sort, such as a man under the circumstances always indulges in. He grunted out the exact length of the tunnel, the time required to construct it, the accidents that occurred within his remembrance, and altogether, in response to my leading questions, exhibited a good deal of information on tunnels. For a man to know one thing well is a power. It is better, however, to believe you know some one thing and impart the information to your friends. It is a bore at best and just as well when it takes the shape of a tunnel.

Having exhausted the hole in the ground—and really come to think of it, there was nothing in it—I spoke of the late race.

"Crazy jackass!" quoth the sententious guardian of the excavation; he'll get killed yet, and sooner the better for all concerned."

"Why, do they often put him up to that?"

"No, not frequent. They do it on that train sometimes, for they hate the conductor. Once, long ago, it wasn't needed. He used to run ahead of every train, clear through the tunnel, a warnin' people off. They switched that out uv him. Now the ornary curses puts him uv to it."

"Queer sort of insanity."

"Isn't it?" and he was once a bright feller—a rale sehollard."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, was onct, but left his senses in this tunnel."

"Why, how was that?"

"Well, you see, he's the son of old Judge Conrad, of these parts—only child, at that—and was sent to college, and no end of trouble taken and money spent to finish and furnish up his intellects. When he came home to study law, what does he do but take after a little girl named Mary Grubbs, da'ter of the cooper, an' she was poor as a pig an' purty as a painted wagon. Well; I guess she was about the handsomest critter in this part of the vineyard. Len Conrad was struck, I tell you, after Polly, as we called her, an' I don't wonder; for her hair was as soft and light as silk on early corn, an' she had the handsomest teeth, an' the biggest, wonderfulest dark eyes, an' an angeliferous skin. But neither she nor her old cooperin' dad had a cent, so the Conrads, bein' toploftical mahogany high parties, just shut down on her."

"The old, old story."

"I don't know of its so old. Per'aps you've heard it afore, an' I can save my wind."

"I mean that the course of true love never does run smooth."

"Oh! that's it, is it?"

"No offense, old man. But proceed with your yarn and tell me how Len Conrad left his senses in the tunnel."

"That's what I was a comin' to when you put in your chin music. When Len found the family was for'nin' the courtin' he took to meetin' her unbeknownst. That was found out, and then it was decreed that Len should be sent to Yurope. The evenin' upon Len's departure he meets his girl, av course, an' they meandered nately a little too late, an' undertook to make a short cut to the Cooper house through the tunnel. I saw the doves go in. She was a leanin' on his shoulder a weepin' an' he looked as if he'd lost his mother-in-law."

"Mother-in-law!"

"That's a little joke o' mine, mister. I mean he looked like a canned funeral. I warned 'em not to try the tunnel, for it was close on to the time for the lightning express. But they didn't heed or hear me—jes' kept on in. After they had left I got that oneasy I took my lantern an' run arter 'em. Jes' as I come in sight the thing came roarin' past Glen Cove—it don't stop

there—an' I heard the whistle as the death on wheels plunged into the tunnel. I jammed the wall, I tell yez. I could see Len push his girl agin the same so the train might pass and no touch, an' like a flash, I saw her tear away. Now, whether she was scared and didn't know what she was about, or wanted to kill herself can't be known, but she shot right in front of that train. I saw the headlight shine like a flash of lightning on a white, frightened face as I crowded back against the wall, an' then with a roar like thunder, an' the whole thing seemed wiped out as if a sponge had sorter sponged us out. I heard the train's thunder sort of speak as it left the tunnel, as if soundin' the murder over the land, an' I stood there in a sort of a daze listin' to that roar die out in the distance. When I come round, which I did in a minit, I ran on. I stumbled over poor Len, lyin' as if dead, an' then I run up and down at least twice before I saw a heap that looked like a bundle of rags soaked in blood, an' will you believe, the bundle moved. It was only a quiver, an' all was still. She didn't make a lovely corpse when we got it together. Some people sickened an' fainted when they saw it."

"And Len?"

"We carted him home. The doctors could not find any bones broken, cuts, or hurt inside or out, but he lay sorter stooped six weeks and then got up an' has been looney ever since."

"Poor fellow."

"Should think so. Queerest thing about the poor chap was that he took to runnin' ahead uv trains, goin' through the tunnel a-warnin' people off. He sorter got that hammered out uv him."

"The old folks learned a lesson, eh?"

"Not much; can't teach sich old stoopids much. They do say the old judge has softenin' uv the brain, but I don't believe he had any to soften."

—Donn Platt.

#### In the Surf-Flat Nantucket.

The surf here at 'Seonset is the most bewitching surf with which I have ever become acquainted, and that marvelous, all-modifying gulf stream has power here also to make the temperature of the water very agreeable.

The shore, however, slopes, or rather shelves, so abruptly that it is not safe to bathe unless one makes use of the ropes which are provided. When I feel somewhat cynical, and in the mood to be amused by the weakness and folly of human nature, I like to come to the bluff and sit down where I can comfortably watch the bathers as they come forward all ready for their plunge. Only they don't plunge.

There is a group of three women, one elderly, the other two young. They go down to the water with hands tightly clasped. Just as they reach the very edge, but before they touch the line of white, quivering foam, the central figure suddenly draws back with a sharp cry, pulling her companion with her. Her tone is penetrating enough to rise above all the roar of waves and reaches my ears: "Oh! I can't! Don't go any further! Oh!"—the last "oh" drawn out until breath fails.

The speaker crouches down and pulls on the sustaining hands, looking fearfully at the ocean and at the bathers. The two with her shout, one in each ear, that she must come along; that it is just beautiful when you really get in; that she mustn't miss it for anything. Then the hesitating one suddenly straightens up, lets go the hands, makes a quick run until she is ankle-deep in the water, while the other two follow her a little way, emitting dreadful cries as they go. When the first one feels the foam about her feet, she sinks down yelling loudly, and splashes the surrounding water with her hands. Then she rises, comes back to land—if she can be said ever to have left it—in a slightly dragged condition and shouts lustily to her two friends, who haven't even waded yet, that it is "just splendid! Glorious! Why don't you come in?" It is she who now takes the lead in urging to courage. She cries that they mustn't stop to think. Just dash right in as she has done. She gets hold of them and pulls with all her might, they resisting. This struggle takes place just where the waves are spending their little ripple. And this is only one group. At last—I can hardly follow the gradations by which the thing is done—but at last these three are out there, clinging to the rope and jumping up and down, with a shriek for every jump. What they have done is done by almost every woman who comes down to bathe. Some of these people do

not get in much above their ankles during the whole process, and these come out, their waists entirely dry, and as they go up to the bathing houses they are chattering about the wonderful invigoration which is produced by a dip in the ocean. There are exceptions. There comes a tall, straight girl, who is, I am almost sure, the one who waved her cap at us from the deck of the conquering Day-dream. She walks right down and dashes in a way that is quite inspiring. It is a pleasure to see her, and she is not vociferating. Children in tight-fitting striped suits are disporting themselves like frogs along the safe, shoaling edges. They also are screaming incessantly. I like to watch our friend Mabel as she comes for her daily dip. At first she shrieked, but I think the din from human throats going on around her made her subdue her desire to join in it. She is silent now, but she dashes and splashes, and is as alert and graceful as a mermaid.—*Evening Post letter.*

#### This Cat Wears a Snake Necklace

Mrs. Fenton, of North Bergen, N. J., is alleged to be the possessor of a white cat with a living necklace. The necklace is a slender black snake, about two feet long, its dark color showing in marked contrast to the cat's white coat. About a month ago the cat went bounding into the breakfast room, hissing and spitting in a paroxysm of horror. Her alarm was quickly shared by the Fenton family, who were at the table, when they ascertained that was half strangled by a snake, that had coiled itself around her neck. She seemed unable to help herself either with teeth or claws, and her friends undertook to assist her with sticks and umbrellas.

They chased her around the room, whacking away vigorously at her missing the snake, but hitting the cat every time, until pussy, not approving of this mode of deliverance, sprang wildly out of the open window, and ran away.

For three days Mrs. Fenton mourned for her cat as for one dead. Then her cat returned, still wearing the reptile necklace. She was tranquil now, however, and seemed to like the situation, resisting every effort to remove the serpent. A saucer of milk was placed before her, and as she lapped it up the snake uncoiled part of its body, lowered its head into the saucer, and the two drank amicably together. This singular friendship has continued. The creatures are almost inseparable. When the snake occasionally uncoils to stretch itself the cat grows uneasy. They feed together, and when the snake eats too fast the cat pushes its head to one side. The snake signifies its disapproval of unseemly voracity on the part of the cat in the same manner.—*New York Sun.*

#### Painting the Babies.

A year or more ago a lovely little child, a little girl of perhaps four, approached me in a large-brace-a-brac shop, and while her mother was engaged in a distant part of the building I endeavored to entertain the little creature by showing her some marbles of little children. "How white they are," she said; "what makes them so white?" "Because they are marble," I answered; marble children don't have pretty pink cheeks and golden hair as you have, you know. "My cheeks are painted and hair is goldenized; it is truly ruby," said this precocious young maiden; and, sure enough, as we came into the strong light I could see the color on her little face was as artificial as was the sunshiny hue in the curls. What are we coming to, I should like to know, if out of the mouths of babes and sucklings the folly of their too-frivolous mothers is to be made manifest.

#### FATE OF NIHILISTS.

Leo Hartman tells James Redpath that of 3,000 men and women whom he knew personally, enrolled with him as nihilists between 1876 and 1878, only two are alive. "By alive," he explained, "I mean free—not in prison." Revolutionists once in a Russian prison are the same as dead.

#### Drawing in English Schools.

Linear drawing has been introduced by recent enactment, into all the elementary schools of England. The theory is that a knowledge of this drawing is useful in almost every kind of trade or handicraft.

#### A Unique Kitchen.

SOMETHING THAT WILL INTEREST EVERY MISTRESS OF A HOUSEHOLD.

Here is a unique kitchen worthy of description. It is not large, having been built to fit a very little woman. The pantry is to the rear of it, the dining-room to the right, the hall in front and all outdoors to the left, though it stands on a narrow city lot. The kitchen projects beyond the hall, giving room for a door in front, and there is a second door in the rear leading to back porch and garden. The range chimney stands against the out wall, and from door to door in Summer the breeze blows perpetually past it. There are windows according to circumstances, some high, some low, some big, some little, some in the upper panels of the doors. This temple of the household gods is finished entirely in wood, for aesthetic reasons quite as much as utilitarian. Wood-finish means that not an inch of plaster appears. Ceiling, walls, and floor are all of delightfully-polished yellow pine. The casings of doors and windows are flat, for ease of washing, and all the joints are as tight as tight can be. The work was done slowly and carefully, under the supervision of the presiding genius, and while perfectly plain, as befits a kitchen, it makes a really beautiful apartment, the veinings of the wood, the rich coloring and the lingering forest odor suggesting pleasant thoughts and typifying the home refinement of the lady who joyfully gives bread to her house rather than the drudgery of menial toil so often put forward in its place.

The laundry tubs and the sink are of solid white porcelain. But the wonderful economies of space and numerous step-saving devices are the features of the place. There are slides from the pantry to the dining-room sideboard. There are shelves in the triangular space over the cellar stairs. There is a table which pulls out of nowhere just opposite the range, and vanishes into thin air when the cooking is done. There are four bins which swing out into the room when wanted and push in flush with the wall again. When the mistress of the establishment wishes to put anything "down cellar" she doesn't go down herself, though the stairs are of gentle slope and easy of access. She touches a mysterious lever with her hand or foot and up comes a section of the kitchen floor bringing with it a series of shelves. Disposing of various articles thereon, she reverses the lever and down goes the whole thing. The floor is as solid as ever and the shelves are hanging in the dry, cool of the cellar. Fearful and wonderful contrivances of this sort meet one at every hand.

Costly? Not at all. Economy and convenience were the two prime considerations. The house was built by an artist who planned first the kitchen—his wife's workshop—then the studio—his own—and let the rest of the house group itself round these two. The kitchen cost no more in money than the most dingy type of city basement, and its owners call it worth all that it cost of ingenuity.—*The Philadelphia Press.*

#### Robbing the Mails.

It has been often asked how thieves who purloin money from letters manage to find out the missives that contain enclosures of value. I happened to meet a gentleman who has had considerable experience in post-office affairs, and the matter was explained by him in this way: by bringing envelopes suddenly in front of a bright light, the dishonest person who wishes to become a mail robber is generally able to detect a folded bill, and is thus spared the trouble of opening letters which do not contain what he is seeking for. Envelopes smoked on the side where they are fastened have frequently been discovered, and if any of our readers receive any with this mark upon them that they may be almost certain that they have passed through the hands of some one who has an itching palm.

#### Error of European Tourists.

It is a fatal error of almost all those 60,000 tourists who come in the annual swarm across the Atlantic that they fly along the well worn paths, live in modern hotels, diet themselves on homopathic doses out of guide books, and pass from city to city, just as the rustic gazes through one hole after an-

other in the peep show at a country fair. There are thousands of people who stay at home, read quietly, look thoughtfully at maps and pictures, and through all kinds of good books get a far deeper insight into the lives of other lands than the bustling conventional tourists, who take the round peep show method of looking at Europe.—*Corinth Cor. Boston Globe.*

#### Close Bargaining by a Yankee Woman.

It is bargains that the country shopper comes to Boston to seek. One of these women went into a big dry goods house the other day to buy material for a gown. She selected, after a good deal of fussing, a gingham costing twelve cents a yard.

"How many yards are there in the piece?" she asked.

"There are eleven," he answered, after counting.

"I will take ten," she said. He suggested that she take the whole piece, but she insisted that he should cut off ten yards, and this was accordingly done.

"That is a remnant, I suppose?" she said interrogatively, taking up the odd yard, as he folded the goods.

"Yes, ma'am."

"You sell remnants cheaper, don't you?"

"Sometimes," the clerk said laconically.

"What will you take for this?"

"Twelve cents."

"But that is just what I paid for the piece."

"I haven't any authority to mark goods down."

"Couldn't you send the cash boy to find the man that does mark them down, so as to see what he would take?" the customer asked anxiously.

"Just now," the clerk replied, with a wicked wink to a brother clerk, "he is at dinner, and I don't think he'll be in to-day."

"And you couldn't mark it down yourself and tell him about it?"

"No," the clerk said, smiling aggravingly. "I couldn't really."

"Well," the woman said with a sigh, "then I'm dreadfully sorry I had it out, for I'll have to have that yard any way, even if I do have to pay twelve cents for it. Ten yards wouldn't possibly do. But I ain't used to paying full price for remnants."—*Providence Journal.*

#### Getting Even with the Dead Man

"Some folks regard the negro as childish and simple minded," said the South Carolina undertaker, as he borrowed another match to relight his cigar, "but it doesn't always do to look upon 'em that way. It was only last week one of 'em beat me out of \$10 as slick as grease."

"How?"

"Well, I was sitting in my office, growing about hard times and the dislike of people to fall into my sympathetic care, when in walked a negro. He was the picture of health and a jolly fellow."

"How's times?" says he.

"Poor," says I.

"How much for a coffin for me?" says he.

"When?"

"To-day."

"I'll give you that coffin over there and see you put under ground this afternoon for \$15, and that's \$10 off the regular price."

"Dun," says he, and he put down his \$15."

"Well?"

"Well, I'll be kicked to death by rabbits if he didn't hang himself within two hours, and before night I had to bury him."

"No!"

"Sure you're born. He had planned to suicide himself before he came in. I got even though."

"Resurrected the stiff and sold it for \$4 and put the coffin back in stock."—*Exchange.*

#### Common Ground.

Small Boy—What's the score?  
Gentleman—(returning from game)—Six to 1.

Small Boy—Favor of Detroit?  
Gentleman—Yes.

The small boy smiles and the gentleman smiles in sympathy. What is there remarkable about that conversation? Oh, nothing, except that the conversation actually occurred and the small boy was a ragged street urchin without a cent to bless himself with, while the man was one of Detroit's millionaires. The mutual smile showed that baseball maketh the whole world kin.—*Detroit Free Press.*



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#### JUSTICE NEEDED.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—At the reunion of the Empire State Association, held at Albany a few years ago, a subject which created much interest there, and which was vigorously agitated was the rights of mutes, as citizens, to compete under the civil service laws for public office. After the expenditure of considerable time, wind and strength, a set of resolutions were adopted, which set forth the injustice done a large and intelligent class of people by the existing laws, which debared mutes of the right to compete for such office under the Federal Government, as their affliction would not prevent them from filling successfully; these resolutions were then sent to President Cleveland. Ultimately the Civil service laws were so amended that mutes were no longer denied the privilege of competing for office, and it seemed "everything was lovely and the goose hung high;" but alas! the amendment is now found to be of no avail, as far as the deaf are concerned, and is simply a delusion and a snare. Mutes of this State can be examined for office under the existing Civil Service laws—that is one thing, but to get an office under the government is an entirely different matter, and for the following reason. It seems that those brilliant luminaries, who compose the Board of the Civil Service examiners for New York have adopted a rule requiring all would-be office-holders, *mutes not excepted*, to write from dictation. Of course, it is simply impossible for the deaf to do this; their percentage of marks is then reduced one quarter of the whole. The law is thus virtually nullified, as 75 per cent. or less out of 100 is considered of little value. See how nicely (?) the mutes are kept out of their rights. They may pass an absolutely perfect examination and be well fitted in every way for the office they seek, yet are bowled out of the race, because—because they are unable to write from dictation. Alas! Civil service laws, alas!

Something of the kind seems to be the case of a popular and well known mute, who has held a position in the New York Custom House for several months past, thanks to a powerful "pull" behind him and in spite of the Civil Service law, which says that those desiring to hold office under the Federal Government must compete for it in a public examination. Ambition prompted this mute to try and better himself. He went under examination for a more lucrative position, and being a bright young fellow, an "High Class" graduate of "Old Fanwood," he easily held his own. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have proved a winner. Handicapped as he was, he stands no show, and will be lucky, if he can keep his present place notwithstanding the influence "backing him."

Is there no remedy for such injustice done the deaf? Are we mutes always to be imposed upon, suffer wrongs, and simply, because we cannot hear, must we endure them without complaint? No, let us combine and demand our rights. It is useless for mutes to bewail the wrong done them. They can if they will redress the wrong. Some people might think that the various literary, benevolent, social and religious associations among the deaf should be able to exert sufficient influence upon the "powers that be" to right injustice done the class; but it should be remembered that not one-tenth of the adult deaf population of this State are members of any mute society, and among the few, who are connected with them, there are always a number of bumptious individuals whose sole ambition is, not so much to elevate their class in the estimation of oral people, as to rule or ruin in the societies of their fellows, and whose idea of their own importance is disgusting in the extreme.

Mr. Editor, candor compels me to say that under circumstances as here-in mentioned, there is little or no hope of the deaf ever exerting that influence which their number entitle them to, or being respected in such matters, until they stand solidly together and insist, as citizens, upon their rights; in union alone there is strength, and it is a duty, which the deaf owe to themselves, to join at last one society, and exert whatever influence they can for the good of their class.

GEORGE L. REYNOLDS, BROOKLYN, August 16, 1888.

Elmer R. Siegfried expects to attend the Hammel's Business College, after he graduates next year.

## ITEMIZER.

### Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

Isaac N. Soper, of New York City, is spending two or three weeks' vacation visiting friends in Massachusetts.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes will have the room ready on September 5th. All members should be requested to attend.

The De Hærne Association, of Baltimore, Md., has closed its meetings, and will not open again until some time next winter.

It is reported that Joe Sonneborn, who left New York for Chicago some time ago, is getting along very well in the carving line of business.

Mrs. W. A. Bond lately sent a box of good books to the Gallaudet Home as a present. The books were selected from her late husband's library.

A man fell down the elevator of the building occupied by the firm of Sonneborn & Leow in New York City, last Monday, and was instantly killed.

James Brissette, a deaf-mute of Troy, was detected in the act of robbing the poor box at St. Peter's Church. He obtained light by using one of the candles at the altar.

William Wakeman, traveling agent for a New York house, became suddenly speechless while transacting business in Staunton, Vt., on Saturday. It is supposed he was stricken with paralysis of the throat.

Messrs. Geo. L. Reynolds and John Wilkinson, of Brooklyn, have gone to the vicinity of Ramapo Mountains, where they will do some rambling, fishing, boating, etc., for a week or two, and then tie themselves away to fresh fields and pastures new. Before returning to New York, they may probably go to Connecticut, as Mr. Wilkinson is anxious to visit the Hartford School and other places of interest in that State.

A brute named Dakes, who lives near Halo, Washington county, for a slight aggravation, attacked his deaf and dumb sister, knocking her down and then choking her nearly to death. His brother went to her sister's defense, when he drew a revolver, and, cocking it, drove him from the house, and then completed his work by cruelly beating the helpless girl.

At Greensburg, Wednesday, Michael Murray was found guilty of burglary with intent to commit an outrage, with a penalty of two years in the penitentiary. A few years ago, his father was killed on the railroad; subsequently a brother was shot and killed by a woman in the night time, into whose house he forced his way with evil intent. A brother who is deaf and dumb is now the only support of his widowed mother.

Sarah Nowland and Kate Ruth, two deaf and dumb ladies, were walking on the railroad track (of course) near Farrabee's, on the L. N. A. & Co., railroad, when one end of the bumper upon the engine struck Miss Nowland, hurling her full forty feet, producing a compound comminuted fracture of the right leg in two places, and injuring her internally so badly that no hopes are entertained of her recovery. Miss Ruth was not so badly injured, having no bones broken.

Miss Lizzie A. Kempenaar, of the Lexington Avenue Institution, has been spending a week in Brooklyn with Miss Fannie M. Taggard, her old classmate. They had a very fine time visiting "The Great Fire of London," at Manhattan Beach, Prospect Park and other places. A party was given in her honor on Monday evening, at which Miss Katie Clinton, James S. Orr, George M. Taggard and James B. Gass, as also a few hearing friends of Miss Bertha Taggard were present. Dancing was kept up till ten o'clock. Mrs. Taggard presided at the piano, and they had a happy time. Her Brooklyn friends were very lonesome, when Miss Kempenaar went home.

John M. Stout started for Buffalo on August 21st, to attend the "World's Tournament," which begins September 4th and closes on the 5th of the same month. It is expected there will be 5000 wheelmen present. There is to be three races for deaf-mutes—a one-mile open, two and three-mile handicap. The one-mile open is for the championship of the United States. Open to deaf-mutes only. Let Messrs. Brown, J. Lyons, of Brooklyn; John Leib, of Columbus, O.; J. Lang, of Lynn, Mass.; Prof. Morrow, of Indianapolis; John Campbell, of St. Louis; C. Lashbrooks, of Gouverneur, N. Y.; Wat Sheriff, of California, Mo.; Chas. Samuelson, of Elgin, Ill.; Mr. Watt, of Philadelphia, and other deaf-mute wheelmen, enter the race. Mr. Stout will try and go to the Rochester Convention and give an exhibition there.

#### A Deaf-Mute Wonder.

The unfortunate little girl at a Boston blind asylum who was born deaf, dumb and blind, but has been taught to convey her thoughts by taking her teacher's hand in hers and making signs, was playing with a Newfoundland dog the other day, and for some moments held one of its paws. "Are you trying to talk with him?" asked the teacher. "What a funny idea," she answered. "Of course he can't talk. He hasn't got any hands." This child is but eight years old, but it is less than a year since she first caught the idea of conveying her thoughts to others. Now, prior to that, she must have had thoughts, and it would be interesting to learn whether in any way took the form of language. Of course, she had association. She had a doll, and she knew that it was inanimate, that it was in human form, and that it was given to her for her entertainment and pleasure. But having never heard or spoken a word, having no conception of language in the ordinary sense, what form did these thoughts take in her mind? It is altogether probable that having learned so much in the past few months, and being so young, all that took place prior to the first instruction she received is either forgotten or remembered vaguely, like a dream, so that there is but little chance of solving the much discussed question whether language is necessary to thought.

#### Superstitions About Deaf-Mutes.

Among the ancient Greeks deaf-mutes were looked upon as a disgrace to humanity, and under the barbarous laws of Lycurgus they were exposed to death. Nor was highly cultured Athens less cruel than Sparta toward these unfortunate creatures. Deaf-mute children were pitilessly sacrificed without a voice being heard on their behalf. Aristotle declared congenital deaf-mutes to be incapable of instruction, and this was the universal opinion of classical antiquity. The Romans treated the unfortunates with the same cruelty as the Greeks. As soon as a child was found to be deaf and dumb it was sacrificed to the Tiber. Only those escaped whom the waves washed back to the shore, or whom the natural love of their parents kept hidden from the eyes of the world.

#### A Family in Dire Distress.

Several weeks ago, the family of Hiram Mobley, consisting of a wife and three children, were ejected from rooms in the Kaufman block, on Washington street, west of the river, for non-payment of rent. Mobley and his wife are both deaf-mutes. He is a cooper by trade, but since participating in a strike some time ago has had no work. The neighbors gave the unfortunates shelter until this morning, when the youngest of the children, a babe of two or three months, was taken sick. The father carried it to a mattress on one of the rooms which he formerly occupied. The wife and the two children watched the starved, neglected babe for a few hours until it died. Patrolmen Bruce and Clifford reported the matter to the coroner this morning to get a certificate so the trustee could order the body buried. The officers say the children are starving, and, altogether, the case is a very distressing one.

#### Good News For the Deaf.

Leo Ehrlich, former Secretary of the Humane Society, has invented a device which will cause all the deaf people in the land to call him blessed. It consists of a contrivance which can be located in the handle of a cane, umbrella, parasol, or fan, and which, when placed to the ear of a deaf person, will cause him or her to hear any sound audible to the ear of a person who is not afflicted with deafness. The device which produces these effects is a tube about six inches long placed in the hollow of a Malacca cane. In the tube is a cone-shaped electric coil beginning at a small battery at the lower end of the tube and terminating in the bird's bill. The vibration of this coil causes a multiplication of any sound or noise passing into the tube through several slits in the side of the cane. The cane and tube together weigh about six ounces, and the whole outfit looked like an ordinary Malacca walking stick with a silver head.

"How did I happen to invent it?" said Mr. Ehrlich, in reply to a question. "Well, it was the necessity of my own case. I was so deaf that it interfered, with my social and business duties. I had been treated for my ailment in Paris, Vienna and this country, and still I grew worse; so I set about to invent something that would cure me, and the result surprised me. I can now hear as well as you can and without the use of the cane. It is very simple. It is simply a multiplication of sound by electricity and the projection of a steady current of electricity against the weakened or paralyzed nerves and tissues of the ear. There is no degree of deafness in which a man cannot hear with this, even if the ear drum is destroyed. Of course, it won't make a new ear drum, but it will make him hear. It is simply a multiplication table in the shape of sound. Here is one of the features of it. When a man is near-sighted he can get a pair of glasses, and no one takes any notice of it; but when a man is deaf he must either lug an ear trumpet around with him, much to the amusement of everybody, or hear nothing. This thing he carries in a cane or umbrella, and not only uses it without any one suspecting what it is, but hears well and is cured of his deafness. It accomplishes what nothing else has ever done. E. C. Witherspoon, of the Cotton Exchange, who has not heard a dog bark for the past twenty-three years, can hear as well as anybody now." He was made deaf by the accidental discharge of a piece of artillery. His friends on "Change are astonished at the readiness with which he hears now. I have been at work at this over a year, and when I began everybody had to yell close to my ear; now I can hear the slightest whisper at a talking distance. I will send one to Mr. Edlison, who is deaf."—*St. Louis Republican*.

#### GOOD WORK IN AUSTRIA.

The following circular which was handed to us by Mr. Jacques Loew, explains itself:

On the second of December 1888, our esteemed Monarch, Emperor Francis Joseph I., will celebrate among his loving subjects, the 40th anniversary of his reign. Every trade, every corporation in the wide Fatherland prepares itself to take part in this universal event, to express for "Kaiser and Empire" their faith and love for the dynasty. Even the deaf-mute charitable institution aroused by the importance of this day will not hold back in this patriotic celebration and on November 5th, 1887, in extra session passed a resolution to take to life an institution to be called "Emperor Francis Joseph's Institution."

It is proposed by our society to build the ground floor of this institution, from our Youth Fund, which has the purpose to give to the orphaned mute apprentices, a trade by which they may make a living. The emerging charitable object of this institution seems clear to us if we think in what a helpless position, a deaf-mute apprentice is placed, thrown early in life upon the world, without the advice of a loving parent. The "Vienna Deaf-Mute Charitable Society" has taken upon itself to train the apprentices with clothing, washing, moral education, and if its means allow, to assist them to pay their board. The society has done its best to aid in this institution, our sincere wish that the workings of the "Emperor Francis Joseph's Institution" will soon be called into life, and, therefore, we ask all mutes and benefactors of mutes to do all that is possible to aid in this institution, which, under the name of our powerful emperor, may yield good, to the poor deaf and dumb apprentices. May the ever-rising stream of brotherly love flow for the "Emperor Francis Joseph's Institution" forever, that the poor deaf-mute apprentice may find shelter, and bless the noble giver. Subscriptions will be received at the address of S. N. Loew 1 No. 3 Habsburgerstrasse and will be announced in the *Deaf-Mute Courier* and also in the annual reports of the Society.

#### Married.

At Covington, Ohio, August 23d, by Rev. A. W. Mann, Mr. Thomas Corwin Godman and Miss Jennie Delora Rinehart.

#### ALBANY, N. Y.

The time is drawing near when our society will re-open, and according to the present outlook many of the old familiar faces will be seen. Most of our boys are ready to take up their work; of one lady member, we cannot not speak so definitely. There will no doubt be some very important matters brought before the society at our first fall meeting, so that each member should not fail to be present.

Mr. Richard R. Tweed, of Kings, N. Y., who has been visiting in this city, left for Syracuse last Wednesday, where he will spend a short time, returning to his home in Kings about August 23.

During his stay in this city, he, in company with his friend, C. F. Mull, took a walk to Shuglerland, a distance of twenty-two miles, to see a friend of the former, but were unfortunate enough to find him away from home. Mr. Tweed said he enjoyed his visit very much.

We were very much surprised to learn that P. Sharkey thinks of going to North Adams to obtain work in a shoe factory.

Mr. Wormer has at last succeeded in obtaining a good job in this city. He desires to bid his friends at school good bye, as he cannot hope to see them for some time.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Fogle's mother is ill, and most earnestly hope that she may be spared to him, as we know that without a mother's loving care, life would hold little for him.

Miss Kilroy, of Kingston, N. Y., was seen here last week. She came up with the excursion on the steamer "Bay Queen."

Mr. and Mrs. Fox passed through here two weeks ago on their way to meet their friends at Lake Chautauqua, and thence to Rochester, N. Y.

It was reported Mr. Tweed lost \$42 while in this city. He did not lose the money while here, but a pickpocket robbed him of that amount on his way from Oneida to this city. He has thus far been unable to secure any clue to the thief.

The Albany boys noticed the challenge of the Troy nine, in which they mentioned two wonderful pitchers and catchers. If they mean to play with us, it is all right. We are ready to play them any time in August. Mr. G. L. Smith was appointed captain, Mr. Sherwood, manager, and Mr. Flynn, the coacher of the Albany nine. The names and positions of the Albany nine are G. Smith, pitcher; P. Fogle, catcher; J. Keenan, 3d base; P. Flynn, shortstop; O. Toole, 2d base; C. F. Mull, 1st base; E. Wormer, right field; P. Sharkey, centre field, and P. Meade, left field. Come and play with us once.

P. Meade will go back to school next October. His father said he will leave next year.

#### THE FOUNDER.

#### Lynn Notes and "Cycle" Gossip.

Messrs. Morse, Burbank and Nichols took a trip to Gloucester, Mass., August 18th, by boat, and returned by wheel. They reported having a delightful time.

Joseph Hagerty, formerly a resident of Hartford, Conn., will participate in the Tandem races at Danvers, Mass., Labor day, and bicycle races here, September 8th. J. E. Mack will act as his manager and trainer. Success to plucky Joe.

Julius F. Lang, the once popular bicyclist of the Lynn Cycle Club, is working constantly at his trade, and occupies cosy apartments with his wife, and both are enjoying existence similar to a pair of blissful doves.

Ned Welch and Joe Hagerty contemplated attending the convention at Saco, Me., August 25th, returning Tuesday, 25th, astride the wheel. Hope no mishap occurred during the long and tedious run. The former is working in Marblehead in a shoe factory, and living in Lynn.

Ida Story, a pretty brunette, is living with Mrs. Burrill and works in a carpet factory, and makes acceptable wages. She is a versatile talker, diligent worker and otherwise a first rate consort for those bachelors who desire a companion.

A social gathering was tendered Miss Alice Upham, a handsome blonde, at her residence in East Saugus, on the 17th of August, and many pleasing amusements were indulged in. Ice cream, cake, coffee, confectionery and fruit were served, and all dispersed at a late hour, acknowledging a good time. Alice is always generous and universal in conversation with those who are desirous to pay her a visit. Her papa owns a high-toned bakery.

Mrs. Ellis is living with Mrs. Badger, an aged and well respected lady, with two children, and does work for her. Her husband is living in Sandwich, Mass., working for his father on a farm. Both emigrated from Nova Scotia from well-to-do relatives, nearly a year ago.

James H. McMeachen and Edward Edwards recently paid us a brief visit, but have left for the east in search of health and fortune. The former is a book agent and the latter a printer. Both are tip top fellows.

LYNN, 8-24-'88.

#### CYCLIST.

#### NOTICE.

His Grace Archbishop Corrigan is going to give confirmation to the Deaf and Dumb Mission, 235 E. 14th Street, on Sunday, 2d of September, at 4 o'clock, P.M. All deaf-mutes are respectfully invited to attend.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

#### SOUTHERN KANSAS.

OTHER BREVITIES—NEODESHA SIFTINGS.

The scribe has come to the conclusion to gather some nuggets of Kansas, in hopes that it will be interesting to the readers.

We are pained to learn of the continued failing of Miss Laura Clark's health.

During the summer, Mr. Chas. Topf has been studying hard with a view of entering the National Deaf-Mute College this term. We have no doubt that he may be easily promoted to the Sophomore or Junior class, for the reason that he can understand Latin, French, German and Dutch.

Mr. E. H. McIlvaine, an intelligent scholar of the "Buckeye" Institution, is passing the vacation at his old home in Dunlap, Kas. He will, this fall, enter upon his studies there once more, and will complete his course in 1890.

Mrs. Murris and her daughters, of Colony, Kas., (one of is deaf by the name of Miss Clara Vogelsang) will make a long tour of Germany this month, and anticipate the making of their home in Frankfurt, A. M., for the future.

Miss Irene Martin, of Radical, Kas., after her coming back home from Kansas City, Mo., where she had helped Mrs. Masksbury, is busily preparing for the Olathe School which opens in two weeks.

#### NEODESHA SIFTINGS.

A report is circulated here that the union of Mr. Geo. W. Patton, of Illinois, and Miss Alma Moore, of Ohio, will, in time, come off.

Mr. G. W. Chase's opinion was "broken up" about buying the Neodesha Register, on account of his lack of "silver." Since his returning home in Olathe last year, we have heard nothing of him. What has become of him?

Miss Minnie Strickler, a semi-mute lady, from Kansas City, Mo., is having an enjoyable visit with her best friend, Miss Nina Hatcher, with whom she expects to tarry all the autumn.

Mr. Des. Hall's two fine lots in Olney, Ill., has been exchanged for Mr. Deane's two acres in the northwest, one mile from the city. He has a notion to have a new residence erected before the winter.

Misses Hatcher and Strickler, and Ed. Hatcher, last Sunday, took a drive down to Radical, where they spent a day's pleasant visit with Mrs. B. Martin's family and other mutes.

An exhibition of the world-known Orton circus will be given at Neodesha on the 27th. Misses Hatcher, Strickler and Vogelsang and Ed. Hatcher anticipate the pleasure of a visit there.

#### SOUTHERN BOY.

#### Hoboken Picnic.

The picnic of the Hoboken Deaf-Mute Club, at Wendell's Schmetzen Park, last Saturday evening, August 25th, was a highly enjoyable affair.

The weather was all that could be desired, and accordingly there was a large turn out of the silent people of New Jersey, New York and Brooklyn. The dancing programme was well carried out, under the musical direction of Prof. R. E. Sause, and the various committees were alive to the responsibilities placed upon them.

The committee of arrangements was A. Capelli, Chairman; H. Eschert, and E. Seojahn, and it was by their able management that the occasion was made so pleasant to those who went there. The park was in every sense all that the committee had advertised it to be and the large area of ground made the attendance appear smaller than it really was, as the mutes were separated a good deal about the park in groups and in couples. It is, therefore, difficult to give a fair estimate of the number present.

The Floor Manager, August Kaiser, was distinguished by a very pretty badge of white and gold, and reflected credit to himself.

His assistants were there in the persons of A. Schneider, Alex L. Pach and John Lloyd, Jr., who rendered valuable service.

The Floor Committee was made up of John F. O'Brien, Chairman; George S. Porter, A. J. Smith, Jas. P. Donohue, Wm. Gore, Theo. I. Lounsbury, Chas. Le Clercq, Chas. E. Green, and J. F. Donnelly, and were instrumental in making the dances very lively.

The Reception Committee were as follows: F. W. Meinken, Chairman; T. W. Brown, Louis Watson, J. F. T. Tresch, J. W. Stratton, A. G. Gilbert, Jas. Longear, George Shannon, A. Singer, Wm. M. Farrar, Alex Gold-fogle, S. Lowenstein, J. Kuckens, P. Mitchell, Jr., Aaron Banner, C. F. Wicke and J. Alexander.

At half-past eleven, the lights were turned out, and the merry crowd dispersed for home, declaring the first picnic of the Hoboken Deaf-Mute Club a success.

#### BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES

The following named gentlemen will deliver lectures at the hall of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes, 198 Grand Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sept. 26th, - Mr. John Wilkinson. Oct. 24th, - Mr. William G. Jones. Dec. 26th, - Mr. John E. O'Brien.

The transaction of business by members, story-telling, debates and lectures, taken place each week alternately. Admission, ten cents on each occasion.

GEO. L. REYNOLDS, Chairman, HENRY STEWELL, SYLVANUS B. SMITH, Committee on Lectures and Debates.

Mr. J. M. Stout, the bicyclist, writes: "I have no contract from the Committee or Chairman of the Second Grand Festival of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, on September 5th."

#### ONLY A DEAF WOMAN.

The train stopped at Blue Station on time this Wednesday afternoon. It was not a particularly punctual train, neither did it especially matter whether it was or not, as Blue Station was one of these "lodges in the vast wilderness" where time was not reckoned according to wall steel standard and people took things easy.

The stage for Hemlock Hill was waiting there—a clumsy conglomeration of rusty leather, and faded paint, and ancient wood, drawn by two sleepy horses, and driven by a jehu so old that one instinctively wondered how he ever got up or down from his aerial perch on the box seat. Mr. Richmond and his friend Col. Jones took their seats, packed their valises snugly under their feet, and fastened their natty silk umbrellas in the rack overhead. There was only one other passenger—a woman in a brown water-proof cloak and a green veil with a hidden market basket on her lap, and a tremendous ear trumpet in her hand. "Only a deaf woman," said Col. Jones, glancing toward her.

"I see," observed Mr. Richmond. "We need not put particular restraint on our conversation."

"Are we all ready, driver?" shouted Col. Jones, who was unused to the leisurely methods of life in a place like Blue Station. The driver appeared to refuse himself from a sort of doze.

"I be if you be!" said he. "Git up, Kate! Look out thar, you Sorrel!" And away they rolled.

"Yes," said Col. Jones, rubbing his neatly gloved hands, "it will be a genuine surprise. And I meant it to be. I want to see for myself how things are."

"Certainly," said Mr. Richmond, lurching from one end of the seat to the other, as the wheels took a big stone on their way.

"The lad is over head and ears in love," said Col. Jones.

"Young men will be fools," observed Mr. Richmond, conically.

"But a school teacher; a district school teacher!" sighed the colonel, who was tall and portly and clean-shaven, with very black eyebrows and hair just dashed with silver.

"A good many nice girls take to that business," remarked Mr. Richmond. Mr. Richmond was a gaunt gentleman, with hollow eyes, a parchment-colored skin, and a genera dyspeptic air.

"It isn't that I despise the trade," said Col. Jones. "You know that as well as I do, Richmond. If the girl is good and pretty, I'd as soon she should be a school teacher as anything else. But I want my boy to have a real home-like home. My wife gave me one, and I solemnly believe it was the making of me. And Victor's wife must be no mere book machine or wearer of fine clothes. If she can't sew and sweep and cook she's no fit mate for my son. Well, you see, I have been studying the matter over."

"I see," said Mr. Richmond, holding desperately on to the leather strap above his head, as the driver guided the wheels over a succession of stumps on the side of the road.

"I give them no time for preparation," said the Colonel, chuckling. "I drop down upon Miss Allen like a wolf in the fold. I see just exactly what she is. I judge for myself. I wouldn't give a fig for all the Latin and guitar music and china painting in the world, if a woman can't make a loaf of light sweet bread and cook a steak! Eh? I am sure I bog a thousand pardons, ma'am," as a sudden swing of the coach precipitated his head against the basket and sent the ear trumpet rolling to the floor.

"Allow me! Did you want to get out?" For the woman with the green veil was making vehement gestures to the driver. She put up the trumpet with an inquiring expression on her face.

"Did-you-want-to-get-out?" roared Col. Jones into its convoluted depths, the veins starting out on his forehead as he did so.

"Yes, sir, please," said the woman; and the courteous Colonel himself got out to expedite the removal of the basket, the trumpet, and sundry brown paper parcels which constituted the belongings of their fellow passengers.

The green-head bobbed acknowledgements. The Colonel lifted his hat like a modern Don Quixote, and the stage, enveloped in a cloud of dust, rolled away towards the brightness of the western sky. The green-veiled passenger caught up her parcels, skipped over the stone stiles with amazing celerity for so apparently a feeble personage, and flew like a deer across the wooded solitudes until she came to a low, red farmhouse where a middle aged woman was making black-berry pies.

Here's your trumpet all mended, Aunt Roxanne," said she. And here's the alpaca dress, and the three yards of flannel, and the basket with the tea and sugar, and the spices. What are you going to have for supper?"

"Spring chicken," said Aunt Roxanne in the soft, subdued voice peculiar to deaf people. They are on the butterfly shelf, all dressed and ready.

And baked potatoes; and I calculate to have them pies ready to go into the oven right off."

"Splendid!" said Laurana Hopkins. "I want one of them. And I must have the chicken, and that loaf of gingerbread."

"La, me!" said Aunt Roxanne. Is the girl crazy?" "It's for the school ma'am, Aunt Roxanne," explained Laurana, with her rosy mouth close to the ear trumpet. "Her beau's father came up from the train with me in Zadoc Hawley's stage, and he took me for a deaf woman, because of the trumpet, I suppose, and talked before me to his friend real free. And he's come out here to surprise the school ma'am, and find out whether she is a good house-keeper or not. And if she isn't, he's going to set himself dead against the match?"

"I never heard nothing like it in my life," said Aunt Roxanne. "And she isn't—you know she isn't?" said Laurana. "She just lives in half of the Widow Skerritt's house, and boards herself on bread and milk. But she is as sweet as a peach, and people can't have all the accomplishments at once—"

"No, to be sure not," said Aunt Roxanne, her slow wits following Laurana rapid speech with considerable difficulty.

"And she shan't be cheated out of her love, not if I can help it," said Laurana's, hurriedly packing the broilers, neatly wrapped in a napkin, into her basket, and supplementing them with a loaf of spicy smelling gingerbread, two unbaked blackberry pies, a pan of biscuit and a glass jar of honey. "Now, a little canister of coffee," said she, "and some of those pickles, and I believe that's all. You must hunt up something else for supper."

And once more Laurana sped across the fields, crossing a noisy brook on the perilous span of a fallen tree, picking her way deftly through the hummocks of a swamp, and reaching the Widow Skerritt's cottage, while the Blue Station stage, travelling the regular road, was still a good mile and a quarter away.

Alice Alden, the district school teacher, was just putting the last stitches to a blue checkered gingham gown that she was making when Laurana rushed in like a hazel-eyed whirl



# FANWOOD.

## No Clue to the Missing Boat.

### ALEX. L. PACH'S SUGGESTION.

## Various Happenings.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Since "Ariel" was taken away, there has been no clue to the thieves or to what parts the boat was taken. A couple of days previous to the theft, a gang of river thieves was said to have been working at Nyack on the Hudson, a few miles north of the Institution, and it is probable that the same men took possession of our boat. It is hoped that ere school re-opens, "Ariel" will be returned in time for its fall excursions and pleasure trips.

We heartily endorse Mr. Pach's suggestion, which appeared in the last issue of the JOURNAL. We have wondered why no one has thought of it before. To have a display of work done by the deaf-mutes in their various occupations, would, we think, be the most important thing of the National Deaf-Mute Convention, should it be held in conjunction. It would elevate the deaf-mutes in the estimation of their hearing brethren far more than mere discussions. Conventions meet and adjourn every year, and the hearing world are none the wiser for our abilities and for our accomplishments. Let them see what we are capable of doing, by producing samples of our work in every branch of industry and call their attention to the same. By offering prizes, it would encourage industrial ambition. Hearing people often have a wrong impression regarding deaf-mutes and are loth to employ them when they ask for employment. The New York Institution could get up an excellent exhibition at short notice. We are confident that such a project, if brought to a successful issue, will be productive of a greater amount of good than all the conventions put together.

Messrs. McClellan and Upham were at the Institution last Sunday, and enjoyed themselves in a chat with Prof. Jones.

Present appearances indicate that the Institution will not be quite ready for the reception of the pupils on the 4th of September, the time announced for their return. The buildings have received an almost thorough overhauling. The halls of the school building and the bridges connecting with the school and main buildings will have new floors. The Mansion House has undergone considerable repairs, while the touch of the paint and whitewash brush is noticeable everywhere. Verily, it is a busy scene at all hours of the day.

Edwards Timme, wife and two children (a boy and girl) were on Washington Heights last Friday visiting at the residence of Prof. Jones. Mr. Timme and his wife were both supervisors here several years ago.

The brick chimney of the engine house was completed on Saturday. It measures ninety-one feet. Some ambitious fellow placed a red bandanna on top of the chimney where it is fluttering yet.

Ranald Douglas photographed the printers last Monday. The photographer says his recent project to start a studio on Washington Heights is meeting with much favor among the deaf-mutes of New York City. He says that those mutes who have given him orders, and received no photographs, will please notify him of the fact. His address is Mile Square, Yonkers.

Mr. Adams, the colored semi-mute, who attended the National Deaf-Mute College, three years ago, was here in quest of work last Saturday. He is a printer by trade and lost his "case" at Simpson & Labarre, this city, through a month's illness. He is a very obliging and intelligent young man and would be glad to obtain work, but it is dull in the city this summer. He said, if he could not secure work before long, he would return to Philadelphia where his parents reside. Some time ago, he became a jockey at Monmouth Park, but did not keep it up long.

Mr. Branagan, the tailor employed by the Institution, is in possession of a fine dog, which follows him around all day like "Mary's lamb," with the exception that our schoolmasters do not turn it out of doors.

Easton's greatest photographer, Alex. Lester Pach, was here on Sunday, after attending the Hoboken Picnic, and left early in the day for Long Branch, via Sandy Hook. His business is widely advertised in Pennsylvania, and he has the ambition to be a great photographer.

Fred W. Baars is still wrestling with the two English champions—Messrs. Pace and Vernon—for the first honor in the chess tournament every evening except Sunday. The latter two are bound to lower his colors, if they can.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Stryker have returned from the country. The Boulevard is being graded, and when completed will be a beautiful avenue for driving and promenading. Streets are being opened all the time; work on them and on new buildings are pushed on with unceasing rapidity.

It is probable that the Honorable Jacques Loew and family will reside on Washington Heights, after the beginning of the fall months, if a house good enough for his refined tastes can be secured.

We do not see any more croquet games this season. The enthusiasm has practically died out, but it is

hoped to be revived in September.

Bathing is not much indulged in either. This seems to be due to the comparatively cool weather.

We wonder if Steve Sinclair claims the swimming championship. No answer seems to have been received from William McVea thus far.

The mutes from this place who attended the Hoboken Picnic, were Supervisor King, Messrs. Peter Mitchell and Ira W. Tyler.

Mr. Gerloff, our faithful nightwatch, has been laid up ever since the beginning of the summer vacation. He fell down on a chair while on duty one evening, and not feeling any severe pain from it, he continued his rounds. In a few days a swelling came on in his back and leg and it got so bad that he could not hardly walk. He has been confined to his room ever since, and to his bed a good deal of the time. He is able to walk about some, though he is not at all fit to go on duty. Mr. Brendell, the new supervisor appointed some time ago, has been taking his place, while Mr. Ogilvie, the regular nightwatch, is on a vacation.

Work is again resumed on the Ridge Road—that of clearing and leveling. Blasting has been necessary north of the shop building, and we have to keep our lives well guarded, perchance a stray stone might fly and hit us.

Mr. Mann and little daughter are down to the Institution quite often. He is the picture of robust health, and has devoted the greater part of the vacation to his garden and hens, which produce well under his care.

The marriage of Miss Lottie Kirkland to Mr. Thomas Clarke, is announced to come off on September 5th. Mr. Clarke is the youngest brother of Principal Clarke of the Arkansas Institution, and manager of the *Optic*, while Miss Kirkland was formerly articulation teacher at the New York Institution, and for the last few years held a similar position at the Arkansas Institution. The friends of Miss Kirkland on Washington Heights wish her every manner of happiness, and those who know Mr. Clarke wish him the same.

AQUILA.

## MINNESOTA.

Prof. Noyes, Superintendent of the Institution at Faribault, was called at the Capitol, and made a flying visit to Minneapolis.

Mr. J. H. Popki, who was out of sight a few months, returned on real estate business in Minneapolis. He was on the way to Duluth.

Mr. C. L. Washburn, a student of the Kendall School, but now on a vacation, exercises his muscles by farm work. He enjoys himself by boating and fishing.

Miss Isham, of New York, is visiting relatives in Minneapolis and expects to take a trip homeward by the Pacific Coast.

Miss Sigoid Bergwall, Treasurer of the Minneapolis Deaf-Mute Society, has gone home on a vacation. She is one of the most active Christians.

Mr. Anton Schroeder said that he had a deaf dog. We wondered how he could set him to any thing.

Miss Laura Torbet, who spent a few weeks visiting her sister here, has returned home at Anoka.

Mr. C. E. Downey and brother have given up the sand and gravel business and are trying to sell the machinery which was patented by themselves. The brother has gone to Milwaukee, Mr. C. is in quest of harvest work, as he knows how to bind grain.

During the railroad war, Mr. W. Beckman took an enjoyable trip to Chicago, after something. He was educated in Germany.

"Joy to the Deaf," appeared in Dr. H. A. Wales' Circulars, of Bridgeport, Conn., in St. Paul. His headquarters were in the Merchant Hotel a few days, attending the people's wants. The writer called on him.

Those who have got to attend the school for another year, are busily preparing themselves to return on the 15th.

Mr. Benjamin Brack, who has a deaf son, attending the Institution at Faribault, is a cashier at Linedes' Wholesale Establishment.

Principal Kearney, of Indiana, has been in the Twin Cities, and especially at Minnesota Lake a few weeks, on a vacation.

Prof. J. L. Smith, of Faribault, addressed the Tousey Society last Sunday, his text being "Habits," and was very interesting.

Mr. A. R. Spear, a clerk in the Minneapolis Post-office, took a few days' trip to Faribault visiting Mr. and Mrs. Smith, last week.

Mr. M. O. Roberts, a clerk in the Pension Office at Washington, D. C., after a few weeks' visiting in this State, returned last week.

Supt. Noyes absented himself from the Institution at Faribault, while it was being painted, and took headquarters at Lake Minnetonka. He returned this week. The school will re-open on the 12th of September.

Mr. William O'Riley, of Wabasha, was in the city on legal business last week. We learned that his brother was killed on a railroad, and his life had been insured for \$5,000, but the company paid \$1,500, and the folks were not satisfied. They demanded the balance. The lawyers of both sides discussed this subject, and Mr. O'Riley was one of the witnesses.

Mr. Dewes, a son of Principal Dewes, of the Chicago School for Deaf, visited Miss Eva Marshall and returned last week. Miss Marshall, a semi-mute, was one of the teachers at Chicago, Ill., but now enjoys a quiet home in St. Paul.

Miss Ella M. Oryall has been sick, but is now on the way to recovery. Hope she will get well by the time she goes to school.

## JUMPED OFF THE BRIDGE.

A. Wangler, a deaf and dumb man, claims that he saw a man jump from the Robert street bridge into the river about 10 o'clock last night. Officer McDonough was given the report, and the only information he could receive was that the man wore a dark-colored suit and a white straw hat. The police were notified, this afternoon that a man named James Curran was missing from White Bear since Wednesday last. His description is as follows: Five feet, four inches in height, 45 years of age, dark hair and a sandy mustache. He wore a navy blue suit, blue shirt and a white straw hat, and wore a Masonic pin on the right of his vest. This tallies with the description given by the deaf-mute, who claims to have seen the occurrence. The description was brought in by a female relative of the missing man.—*St. Paul Dispatch*.

The news spread immediately over the city, and the people fished for the body to-day in the daylight without avail. The latest news has not come yet.

Mr. Adolph Bollinger mourns over the loss of his father, who died at 11 o'clock on the 18th inst. He was sick with cancer for about four months. The funeral occurred on Sunday afternoon.

"Committee on Deaf-Mutes Work, Mr. W. E. Dean, chairman, reports: With the blessing of God, the meetings of the deaf-mutes will continue with good results religiously, morally and intellectually."—*Association Chronicle*.

Among the visitors in St. Paul, is Mr. W. G. Cullen, of Wisconsin.

Miss Bessie Borger, of Wisconsin, is stopping with Mrs. J. F. Riley, and she will return home next week.

At the publishing office, there was a shoe string peddler, claiming to be a deaf-mute. When he was asked to wait till his employee, also a mute, came, he at once disappeared. He skipped to Minneapolis, but at a printing office, he discovered that one of the compositors was also a mute, to whom he tried to sell. He was asked by signs, "What is your name?" He tried to answer, but his signs could not be understood.

The Exposition at Minneapolis, has opened and will last for a month. Mr. Fetsch, a cigar manufacturer of St. Paul, has sent some of his best cigar makers to show his trade in the Exposition. Among them is Mr. George Dehler, a mute who is a first class workman.

"Is a little thing To give a cup of water yet its draught Of cool refreshment drained by fevered lips, May give a shock of pleasure to the frame More exquisite than when nectarian juice Renews the life of joy in happiest hours."

IVES.

## Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Bertha Lamm lately paid a pleasant visit to Mrs. W. A. Bond at her house in this city.

The Brooklyn Society will not send its representatives to the coming Rochester Convention. The society had the matter under consideration, and rejected the proposition to send its representative to enjoy "his hotel bills and car fares," and nothing else.

The late picnic of the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes shows a profit of fifty dollars, notwithstanding the smallness of the crowd.

The Brooklyn Society has no secretary, as the late W. A. Bond, its secretary, lately died. The society will fill the vacancy at a special election in September.

Mr. John Wilkinson will give a lecture before the Brooklyn Society in September. It is expected that he will have a large crowd to attend. The society has been giving good lectures, and at each lecture often a small attendance greeted. It is very strange, but true! The writer thinks the intellectual capacities of the mutes in Brooklyn seem to be going down and down.

H. E.

## Gath's Letter.

"M.'s" letter about camp life was one that did us all good to read.

W. Barton, a semi-mute, visited J. B. Benedict in Richmond, O., a short time ago. He never attended a deaf-mute school, but is a good lip-reader and fine writer.

The Presbyterians are building a large brick church at this place. Mr. Fox, who has the contract for brick work, has a deaf-mute girl seven years of age. She began her first term of schooling last fall.

Jacob Kline, a young man, who is a deaf-mute, is still living near Richmond. He can lift an iron road rail, which ordinarily requires three or four men to lift. He received his education at the Columbus School.

Wm. Kirby, a deaf-mute farmer, says he will attend the Columbus Centennial.

Miss Anna G. Stuber, a pretty silent maiden, lives with her parents near Richmond, O. She expects to go to Chicago and Cincinnati, on a visit to friends and relatives next fall.

We had a week's camping out, a short time ago, at a resort on Lewis-ton Reservoir, well known for its bass and sun fishing.

Mr. Livingston, a mute, lives near town. He says he has finished harvesting, and now experiences dull times, on account of the "Mills' Free Trade Tariff Bill."

GATH.

RICHMOND, O., Aug. 25, 1888.

## Indiana.

Miss May Williams, niece of Mrs. Miles, has resigned her position as teacher, and secured another place to teach in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Miss Clara Williams is spending the summer with her grandmother in Elmira, N. Y.

The father and mother of W. W. Miles are both dead.

The mother died at Hopewell, N. Y., on the 20th of May, aged seventy two years and two days.

## COLORADO.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS ABOUT MUTES AND EVENTS.

Colorado's mutes are all right. Superintendent Ray is rounding up new pupils for the fall term this summer.

Russel S. Painter is still a resident of this State, but is liable to check his trunks out any day.

De Coursey French recently visited Denver on a begging expedition—soliciting alms for the benefit (?) of the Wyoming School. Without fear of contradiction, the scribe can say that it is not charity to give money to this mendicant, but it is putting a premium on beggary. Take the hint, De Coursey, and go to work like the rest of us.

H. L. Johnson, of Kansas City, longs to view our grand mountain scenery and beautiful valleys once more, and will probably be among us next month. Let us give him a grand reception. What say you, boys? He will foot the bills, you know.

That jolly, good miner, M. A. Martindale, is doing exceedingly well at Georgetown, where he is interested in paying claims. He has hosts of friends who hope that he will wake up as a bonanza king some morning.

W. J. Smith, of the Pueblo *Merry World*, is back again from his St. Louis trip, and is looking as neat and clean as a country school, ma'am. He had a good time—he is built that way. Smith is loud in his praise of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club, and says that St. Louis can boast of the nicest club-room and the finest and most gentlemanly members in the Union. They are rustlers, and always make their entertainments, picnics, etc., a grand success. A civil question by strangers always get a civil reply from them. Readers, please bear in mind that the above is not a paid advertisement.

J. P. Purvis proudly points to his "available assets" in the shape of a large red eent, which dangles as a charm from his watch chain.

The Institution at Colorado Springs will open on September 5th. Prospects for a larger attendance than last year are quite flattering.

A. C. Stiles, a graduate of the Kentucky Institution, holds down a situation at a large planing mill in Pueblo. He is an intelligent young man, and is giving satisfaction in the discharge of his duties.

"Solid Muldoon" informs me that the JOURNAL correspondent at St. Louis, showed himself to be a liberal gentleman by offering him a bed and a bowl of bread and milk during his stay there. Nothign small about him, you bet.

Genial C. H. Angle, whose residence is still in Pueblo, goes about the mountain country every Sunday with a white plug hat and an "aqua marine" diamond. He will wager either or both on the success of Cleveland and Thurman, and gives it out cold that he will take no back slack from anybody when it comes to a show-down on a "put up or shut up" proposition.

John O. Wharton has emigrated to Washington Territory, where he will locate hereafter.

The query is, "What has become of one W. A. Butler, of Kansas?" His landlady at Colorado Springs is anxious to hear from him.

J. W. Beaton, fidgety and fat and always with an upper vest pocket filled to repletion with cigars for those whom he chances to meet, came down from the mountains yesterday, and journeyed on to Denver. John can come as nearly being in two places at one time as any man the writer ever met.

"Napoleon," the loud-mouthed beggar, who toots his bazoo so industriously against that first class fellow, J. C. Simmons, has a good reason for so doing. He was fired out of Idaho Springs, through Simmons' efforts, for trying to obtain money under false pretenses, and naturally takes it hard.

H. M. Harbert, editor of the *Index*, a gentleman, who has forgotten more about job printing and the inner workings of a newspaper office than some pretentious ones ever knew, is spending his vacation at home like a sensible husband and takes good care of his children. He has been assigned to the third class for the coming term.

The ore bodies in the Commemora mine, owned by J. C. Simmons, near Idaho Springs, are said to be increasing at each shift, and are rapidly proclaiming the property as one of the largest that have been proven in that region. The hoisting of mineral for active shipment will begin some time the present month. The assays indicate a variation in the grade of mineral from fifty to several thousand ounces, a portion of the vein being heavily impregnated with native silver. There is, therefore, every reason to predict that the plucky Simmons will get there in the sweet by and by.

Some time ago, a mute printer, who goes under the name of Fred Roach, formerly of Oakland, Md., and latterly from everywhere and nowhere, came to Denver as penless as he afterwards proved worthless. Friends took him in out of the wet, so to put it, sheltered and fed him, and supplied him with spending money. After having bled them as much as he thought they would stand, without protesting against the imposition, the young scamp skipped between two days without bidding adieu to those who had been so friendly to him during his stay there. He is a fairly good compositor, and made money enough there to pay his debts, but he jumped them all—even his board bill. Young Roach is supposed to be in Kansas at present.

August 20, 1888.

ELI.

## WHENCE COMES SPEECH?

TWO BROTHERS WHO SPEAK A NEW LANGUAGE—A PARALLEL CASE IN THE STATE OF NEVADA—THE CHILDREN OF THE BASTILLE. FREAKS.

A Boston newspaper recently published an account of two brothers living in that city, who, it declares, have grown to man's estate without ever being able to speak the English language, although born in the United States of American parents, and having heard English spoken continuously. Their vocal organs have been examined by the best specialists and found to be perfectly normal. These brothers, it is asserted, speak a language of their own, but which, thus far, has been unintelligible to everybody else. Some words of the language were given by the journal referred to, and a philologist would trace a resemblance, if nothing more, to Sancerit.

But the case referred to is not without its parallel. The writer of this article saw, on more than one occasion, two children, a brother and sister, living at a little stage station in the State of Nevada, who had invented a language of their own, which they constantly used in talking with each other. The girl was 9 or 10 years of age, and the boy a year or two younger. There could be no deception and no mistake about the matter. The children would play together and chatter in this strange speech of their own devising, and it was perfectly apparent that it was not meaningless gibberish as children often use in play, but a genuine language. It resembled nothing with which the writer had any acquaintance. There could be detected no resemblance to any modern language, no similarity to root forms or stems which may be said, roughly, to be common to all spoken languages; nor was there any likeness to either Latin or Greek, and, consequently, none to the cognate language which is called Sancerit.

The children were not at all shy about talking in the presence of strangers, but they could not be made to understand what translation from English into their language meant. They understood English, and could and did speak it when spoken to; but they either could not or would not give the equivalents of English words in their own language. The mother of the children said she could not in any way account for this strange linguistic freak. She said that the first time she heard them, and indeed for many times afterward, she paid no attention, as she supposed they were "only jabbering nonsense," as she expressed it, and so she was entirely unable to say whether the language was evolutionary or whether the children spoke it just as well the first time as the last. They certainly spoke enough of it when the writer heard them to understand them without any difficulty, although it seemed to the writer from the cursory observations he could make that the vocabulary was a very limited one; but that would have been equally the case with children of that age had they been speaking English.

There has been a story in vogue for many years, although it is impossible to verify it and it is probably apocryphal, that for the purpose of determining whether there was a primal language, and if so what it was, two infants were at one time confined in the Bastille and were never allowed to hear a word of any language spoken, it being supposed that nature would supply them with the means of communicating with each other as they grew old enough to talk, and that the controversy as to a primal language would be conclusively determined.

The story says, however, that up to 11 years of age the children never uttered an articulate sound. They communicated with each other in a fashion, but it was entirely by signs, and not by anything resembling a spoken language of any kind. The story goes on to say that they were then released from their confinement and placed among people where they heard French spoken all around them, and that they soon learned to speak the language which they heard, but never gave any signs of knowing any other tongue.

The story may be true, or it may not. If it is, it would tend very strongly to show that our speech is the result of imitation, and that the faculty of articulate speech depends on the ability to repeat what is gathered from the speech of others. This view receives confirmation from the observation of deaf and dumb people, who are, as a rule, dumb because they are deaf. They possess the vocal organs fully developed, but they cannot speak because they are not able to imitate either the sound of language or the mechanical vocal efforts of speaking persons, and this, not because of the lack of a medium of intercommunication.

And yet the observation of the cases in Massachusetts and Nevada to which we have referred shows that there must be exceptions to what would seem to be a general rule. Those children in Nevada knew no more of the accepted theories of philology than they did of the differential calculus. They did not know the first thing about the development theory; they never heard of the rules of linguistic structure; and yet they constructed for themselves a language which was, for all practical purposes, just as much a language as Hebrew or Greek or German or English. It meant something to them; each could understand the other; each could say what he or she wanted to say, and that constitutes a language.

The Boston case is somewhat different if it is told correctly. In that case there would seem to be some structural deficiency in the brain—

some distorted convulsion of something of the sort—for, generally speaking, a man who can speak one language can speak every other, at least after a fashion; but these brothers, it is asserted, cannot speak English, although they can understand it to a certain extent.

These cases, strange as they may be, do not militate in any degree against the generally received doctrines of philology. They are freaks of nature, nothing more, and are, if we stop to consider, no more strange than other cases with which we are familiar.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

## Beverly, Mass.

At this time of the year, Beverly is remarkably dead-alive; nevertheless, the writer has managed to gather a few items for the edification of the JOURNAL readers.

Beverly knows Mr. and Mrs. Cross no more, they having removed to Winsted, Conn., where Mr. Cross has some interest in a large shoe manufactory now in progress of erection. Mr. Cross' countenance, an old land-mark, will be greatly missed, both at the Institution, where he was a frequent visitor, and also at the rooms of the Salem Society. Beverly's loss is Winsted's gain.

We witnessed a queer game of ball at Maplewood, near Malden, Mass., between the Maplewoods and a picked nine. The former were the customary baseball rig; the latter represented various characters from "Peck's Bad Boy" and other plays, the most comical of which was Mr. Fred Stover's representation of a stout woman, throwing spectators in to convulsions of laughter at his frantic rushes for the bases, etc. Altogether, he made a most excellent reproduction of "Sally Brass" in Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop." Among the on-lookers the writer noted, Mr. John O'Rourke, Mr. George Sanders, Frank Clarke and Albert Tufter.

Miss Nellie Swett has returned from a month's sojourn in the mountains of New Hampshire. The school will re-open the second week of September, probably with a larger number of pupils, putting the capacity of the building to the test.

Prof. T. L. Brown and bride paid Beverly cousins a flying visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy P. Chapman are visiting the latter's mother somewhere in Maine. Mr. Henry Chapman is taking an extended trip through the Middle States.

Beverly was well-represented at the Convention held at Saco, Me., by Mrs. Swett, Mr. and Mrs. Poland, Mr. Samuel Hamilton, Mr. Bailey and the writer.

## Missouri Items.

Misses Birdie Littleton and Lizzie Braford, both of Cameron, have been visiting Mrs. Mattie Peter and family, in Liberty, Mo., and staid there for two weeks. They stopped at Easton, to see Mrs. Stout for a few days, and returned home well pleased with their visit.

We, the mutes, were very glad to hear from St. Louis after a long silence. We really believe if he knew how much we appreciate his letters, he would write oftener.

Miss Bettie Halley is coming up to St. Louis to spend some time with her dear friend, Mrs. Mervell, during the Exposition and fair.

Miss Josephine Marrow, of Caledonia, expects to leave this month for Poplar Bluff, to visit her relatives, with whom she anticipates a jolly good time. She also expects to attend the Exposition and fair.

We heard that Miss Mamie Fly contemplates going to the St. Louis Exposition some time in September. She is expected to be gone for a few days.

"Black-eyed girl," of Caledonia, should send some items for the JOURNAL, for we assure her we would like to know how and what her friends are doing.

Quite a large number of deaf people contemplate going to St. Louis to attend the Exposition and fair.

A. B. C.

## Cincinnati Correspondence.

On the 6th of September, the Queen City Silent Club will give a picnic at the Price Hill House, and also give a prize of a golden clock, in a glass case, to the one selling the most tickets. It is hoped the picnic will be a better affair.

One night, the club boys were busily talking around the post office till eleven o'clock.

Mr. Palmer, of Nashville, Tenn., returned home last Monday night, after having a good time at the picnic, and staying with his friends for a few days. He attended the Centennial Exposition, and studied the exhibit of furniture.

Pat. Dolan, of Louisville, Ky., went shopping and got a load of "dainties" to show his friends when he returns home. He intends to go angling in the Kentucky River.

Mr. Sparks and Wm. Blount were at the picnic and returned home in Danville, Ky., where Mr. Blount is a teacher in the colored deaf-mute department.

Miss S. Marlman attended the Centennial Exposition with her friends and had a fine time there.

On Sunday last, the Louisville correspondent went with his friends on a visit to the Zoological Gardens, and was much delighted with the beautiful scenery.

JULIET.

☞ Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

# PHILADELPHIA.

## Breaking up Campadelphia.

### VARIOUS MATTERS OF INTEREST.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

Last Monday morning, Campadelphia was broken up and packed up for Philadelphia, instead of staying until yesterday, on account of being unable to endure or bear the marauding interruption of the beetles. Every one who has experienced camping out, seems to have been well benefited in their physical health.

The following appeared in the *Silent World* this week:

"The young men of Campadelphia have returned to town looking much benefited by their two weeks' camp-life. It was their intention to remain until the 25th inst., but hearing that their presence in Philadelphia would conduce to the success of the Reading Convention, they cheerfully gave the preference to duty over pleasure. The last week in camp was a very enjoyable one, the only drawback to perfect bliss being the insects that made themselves at home in the tent. A party of young men from West Philadelphia, who called themselves the Belmont Camping Club, had set up their tent on the opposite side of the creek, and the courtesies that passed between them and Campadelphia were frequent and pleasant.

"Mr. Zeigler had a narrow escape when he got into the current of the Schuylkill, at Betzwood, to which place he had motored in the boat belonging to the camp, and went over the dam. The shock with which the boat ran into the rocks below effectually flattened down the hair which anticipation of coming events had caused to stand on end. No wood or bones were broken and Bob, after rolling the heavy boat around the dam, returned to Campadelphia and astonished the company with a thrilling recital of the perils he had encountered in his voyage down the raging river.

"The editor paid a flying trip to Philadelphia early last week to see that *The Silent World* was out on time. On his return to camp he brought with him a hamper of delicacies that were much relished by the members of the party, who had grown somewhat weary of amateur cooking. Among the articles was a large cake, contributed by a young lady from Western Pennsylvania, who is spending the summer in Philadelphia. In these days, when a woman is so much occupied with the consideration and discussion of her wrongs and man's oppression, it is a rare pleasure to meet with one who knows how to make cake and eat it made it. This particular cake took the cake over all other cakes the men of Campadelphia had ever eaten.

"Mr. Stevens spent only six days in camp, but in that short time he gained six pounds in weight."

The wife of Mr. Frank Zell, of Manayunk, presented her husband with a little girl last week.

Mr. Joseph Bruthi ditto two weeks



## Every-day Tragedy.

My home is just off one of the great thoroughfares, and many people pass my door daily with whom I have no acquaintance.

These persons are not exactly those who are called day laborers, but belong to that great class of working people who are employed in laboratories and factories, in telegraph and telephone offices, and in out-of-the-way stations and the like. Among them all was one man whom for many months I noticed specially. It was not that his face was in any way remarkable for beauty or attractiveness. Indeed, had it not been for the expression it might well have been called a very ordinary one—but there was something in the steady eyes and in the sweetness and strength about the mouth which I found very interesting.

When I first saw him he was already verging upon middle age, but his step was still sprightly, and his eyes looked out bravely and cheerfully from a friendly countenance.

There was occasionally in his companion a young woman, who evidently came out to meet him. This happened oftenest in spring and summer evenings when the days here are at their longest and finest. I used often then to watch for them, for it was pleasant to see the shining of the man's countenance and the shy smile with which the girl would turn to listen to him. I needed to be no clairvoyant to discern how matters stood between them, nor to guess that each had chosen wisely and well. As the days slipped on their manner that my young people had been married. The girl came now almost daily to meet the man. She no longer held herself shyly aloof, but leaned openly upon his arm as she walked beside him. They were always talking eagerly and confidentially together, and I could well fancy the domestic details she was giving him, or imagine the story of business worries or successes which he poured into the ear which listened so sympathetically.

After a time it seemed to me that the world was going hardly with my young people. Her dress, which had always been plain and unobtrusive, now grew more and more simple, and I missed the bits of ribbon or dainty adornment, which had heretofore made it fresh and jaunty. My friend's face too, grew to have anxious lines about it. I noticed how his straw hat did duty until late in the autumn, and how shining and threadbare was his clothing, with all the seams showing white about them. It pained me, too, as the weather grew severe to observe how scantily he was protected from the winds of winter, and how strove with comfort and mittens to supply the place of the much-needed greatcoat. But the shabbier grew my friend's exterior the more noble and beautiful became his countenance, and the very soul of patience and courage seemed to look out at me from his earnest eyes.

For a time I lost sight of the young woman, but at last one day she came, walking slowly and dragging, with some effort, a baby carriage behind her. I was shocked to see the changes a few weeks had wrought in her appearance.

Her eyes were shining so brilliantly, such a vivid hectic spot burned upon either cheek and the cough was not so hollow and frequent that I felt my heart sink within me. It may seem strange that I made an effort to know personally these people in whom I was so deeply interested, but class distinctions are the most impassable of barriers here in republican America. I knew that they desired no help or charity, but would have resented bitterly any advance which they might have construed into officious interference or even offensive patronage on my part. So I was forced to content myself with watching and pitying them from afar. The poor lady was always so frail and delicate a creature, with seemingly so loose a hold on life, that I was not surprised when very soon the young mother came walking alone and desolate and drawing no baby carriage behind her. Her dress was a cheap black print, and the man when he met her had on his shabby hat a scrap of rusty black crape by way of mourning.

After this they showed even more plainly the pinch of poverty and I could well fancy how their little hoard had dwindled with the expenses of the baby's illness, death and funeral. The poor young mother began to shrink and dwindle rapidly also, and seemed almost to vanish away like the snow in spring time. She came very seldom now to meet her husband, and when she did so leaned heavily upon his arm and walked slowly and wearily, and the face was drawn and white which had so lately been wreathed with smiles and dimples.

And very soon she came no more to meet him. I still saw him almost daily, but he had suddenly grown old and stooping. His youth seemed to have dropped away from him like a garment. His hair grew gray and scanty almost in a night-season, and his face which had long been so pathetic, now appeared to me almost sublimely in its pain and patience. No youthful comeliness could have seemed to me half so touching or beautiful as that worn face with its deep lines of suffering and fortitude.

I know that this was but a very simple every-day tragedy which I had been watching. Just a common working-man's love and heart-break, with nothing more terrible in it than a sickly baby's dying and a poor young woman's wasting away in consumption, but, after all, the great truths of love

and death, the agony of passion, despair and heart-break are much the same to each one of us. I dare say no knight of old loved better or more truly than did my shabby workingman, or fought more valiantly against the monster that beset him, or felt a keener pang than he did when his life lay in ruins about him. I almost think the poor man's sorrow must have been the keener.

What must it have been to him to have seen his dear one slipping away from him while he had not even the ability to supply a little luxury to smooth her path downward—to feel that her mortal pangs and dying were rendered even more bitter by the constant pain and pressure of pecuniary anxieties. What must he not have suffered when forced by the constant necessities of daily toil to give up the last golden hours he might have spent in his sweet presence? No wonder the man's face grew to have the look of a martyr's and, each day, as I watched its changing, my heart bled for pity.

It is long since I have seen my unknown friend's face. He has vanished from his old places, and I have never known the name he bore nor what was his end or destiny. About the time that he disappeared from my vision I chanced to read in a daily paper a brief account of a workingman who bravely saved a little child from trampling horsehoofs, but received himself a blow of which he died soon afterward.

I like to believe that this was my friend and that he thus went home to his wife and little one. It is pleasant to believe that for this good soldier the battle, though sharp, was brief and the rest and reward long and certain. His simple heart would, I am sure, marvel greatly could he know the many thoughts I have had concerning him, or could he be brought to realize the half which his strong and patient countenance has sometimes been to me. Life is full of obscure battlefields, and it is not the magnitude of the strife which matters, but the way in which we bear ourselves, and the side upon which we are found fighting. As for the rest, it is of very small importance whether the world looks on admiring or whether only God and ourselves know where and how we meet and face the enemy.

## EFFECTS OF CITY LIFE.

LACK OF ARM AND SHOULDER EXERCISE—INCESSANT NOISE—SHOCK.

An English physician of distinction, Dr. Walter B. Platt, contributes to the Popular Science Monthly a suggestive paper on certain "Injurious Influences of City Life." He confines his observations to these points: (1) The disuse of the arms for any considerable muscular exertion by the great majority of men and women. (2) The incessant noise of a large city. (3) Jarring of the brain and spinal cord by continual treading upon pavements.

The effect of these influences, according to Dr. Platt, is to undermine the stability of the nervous system and to impair the circulation and general nutrition. These effects accustom with each successive generation of city dwellers, and it is asserted that there are very few families now living in London who, with their predecessors, have resided there continuously for three generations.

In regard to the lack of arm and shoulder exercise, the doctor points out that it has an important bearing on the general health of both men and women, since it increases the capacity of the chest and thereby the surface of the lung tissue, so essential to the proper purification of the blood. In the city the mass of people can only get this benefit through gymnasium work, or some form of home exercise, like pulling—weights, dumb-bells or Indian clubs. The writer insists upon arm exercise as necessary to a perfect physical condition and to the prevention of nervous irritability and consequent mental disorder.

The injurious effect of incessant noise as an irritant to the nerve centers has been demonstrated by experiment, as well as confirmed by observation. A large share of this noise in the residential portions of cities is unnecessary, and should be stopped. "The loud ringing of church bells at all hours of the day and night, in this age, when every one knows the hour of service, hardly recommends the religious of good will to men," says the doctor. Streets of residences should be paved with asphalt; underground roads should supplant elevated structures, and all unnecessary noises of street traffic and vending should be forbidden.

To prevent the shock to the brain and spinal cord caused by the jar of walking on brick or stone the doctor suggests an elastic rubber boot heel. In this country very little heed is paid to the nerves of the people; they are lucky to escape with their lives from the many perils. But anything that tends to make city life more agreeable and beautiful ought certainly to be encouraged.—*New York World.*

## Lizards and Their Tails.

Most lizards have the faculty of shedding their tails when seriously frightened, and of sprouting new ones from the stump some time afterward. This leads a writer in a cyclopaedia for young people to say that "lizards' tails are almost as brittle as glass," and that a glove or handkerchief dropped on them causes them to snap off. To my own knowledge the tail of the "joint snake," or legless lizard, is so much more "brittle" than glass that it breaks into several pieces when it is

not touched at all, provided the reptile is placed in jeopardy of its life. The tendency to sprout a new tail when the old one is gone is so strong that it is not uncommon to see a lizard with a forked tail—the new one having grown out when the old one was only partially dismembered.—*Henry J. Philpott in American Magazine.*

## Social Etiquette.

As an invited guest, never be late for dinner. This is an incivility to your host, to the other guests and to the dinner. Don't be late at the domestic table as this is wrong to your family and is not calculated to promote harmony and good feeling.

Be careful not to seat yourself at the table until your host or hostess gives the signal. A gentleman ought never to seat himself until the ladies are all seated.

Never serve gentlemen guests at your table until all the ladies are served, including those who are members of your own household.

Do not eat soup from the end at the spoon, but from the side. Take care not to gurgle, draw in your breath or make other noises while eating soup. Do not ask for a second service of soup.

Do not bite your bread from the slice, but break it off, a little at a time, as you require it. It is considered ill-bred to break or crumb bread in your soup at a dinner party.

Avoid eating vegetables with a spoon. Eat these with a fork. In a word, observe the rule not to eat anything with a spoon that can be eaten with a fork.

Do not devour the last mouthful of soup, the last fragment of bread, the last morsel of food.

Never stretch across another's plate in order to reach anything; avoid asking your neighbor to pass articles, when there is a servant in attendance.

A gentleman should not fail, at dinner, to rise when the ladies leave the table. Remain standing until they have left the room, and then reseat yourself if you intend to remain for cigars.

## First Start Right.

THEN YOU MAY OCCUPY THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR.

Every American youth has been told repeatedly by his parents and his teachers that he must be a good boy and an exemplary young man in order to become the president of the United States. There is nothing new in the statement, and I do not print it because I regard it in the light of a "scoop." But I desire to go a trifle further, and call the attention of the American youth to the fact that he must begin at a much earlier date to prepare himself for the presidency than has been generally taught. He must not only acquire all the knowledge within reach, but guard his moral character night and day through life, or at least up to the time of his election, but he must be a self-made man, and he should also use the utmost care and discretion in the selection of his birthplace.

In the first place, a boy may thoughtlessly select the wrong State or even a foreign country as a site for his birthplace, and then the most exemplary life will not avail him. But hardest of all, perhaps, for one who aspires to the highest office within the gift of the people is the selection of a house in which to be born.

Take, for instance, the residence of Andrew Jackson. His name appears more frequently to-day in papers for which he never subscribed than that of any other president who has passed away.

Andrew Jackson was a poor boy whose father was a farm laborer who died before Andrew's birth, thus leaving the boy perfectly free to choose the site of his birthplace.

He did not care much about books, but felt confident on the start that he had chosen a good birthplace, and therefore could not be defeated in his race for the presidency. Here in this house A. Jackson first saw the light. Here, on the back stoop, was where he was sent sorrowing at night to wash his chapped feet with soft soap before his mother would allow him to go to bed. Here Andrew turned the grindstone in the shed, while a large, heavy neighbor got on and rode for an hour or two. Here the future president sprouted potatoes in the dark and noisome cellar, while other boys, who cared nothing for the presidency, drowned out woodchucks and sucked eggs in open defiance of the pulpit and press of the country.

And yet, what a quiet, peaceful, unostentatious home, with its little windows opening out upon the snow in winter and to bare ground in summer! How peaceful it looks! Who would believe that up in the dark corners of the gable end it harbors a large iron-gray hornet's nest with brooded hornets in it? And still it is so quiet that, on hot summer afternoons, while the bees are buzzing around the petunias and the regular breathing of the sandy colored shawl in the backlot shows that all nature is hushed and drugged into a deep and oppressive repose, the old hen, lulled into a sense of false security, walks into the "settling room," eats the seeds out of several everlasting flowers, samples a few varnished acorns on an ornamental photograph frame in the corner, and then goes out to the kitchen, where she bites into the dough that is set behind the stove to raise.

Here in this quiet home, far from the enervating pousse cafe and carte blanche, where he had pork rind tied on the outside of his neck for sore throat, and pepper, New Orleans

molasses and vinegar, together with other groceries calculated to discourage illness, were put inside, he laid the foundations of his future greatness.

Later on the fever of ambition came upon him, and he taught school, where the girls snickered at him and the big boys went so far away at noon that they couldn't hear the bell, and were glad of it, and came back an hour later with water in both ears and crawfish in their pockets.

After that he learned to be a saddler, fought in the revolutionary war, afterward writing it up for the papers in a graphic way and showing how it happened that most everybody else was killed but himself.—*Bill Nye in the New York World.*

## Weak Eyes in School Rooms.

It is not surprising that so many school children suffer with weak eyes when we consider the conditions under which they are forced to use them. The very fact that the light in many school rooms is twice strained through glass partitions before it penetrates the inside rooms, is in itself a severe test of sight. The preponderance of sash woods over the panes of glass is anything but propitious to clear seeing. With heads bent over desks doing arithmetical examples, or studying the fine printed school books, or reading their own imperfect handwriting from which many of the lessons must be learned, the only wonder is that all the little ones are not purblind before they reach the grammar schools.—*Professor David Webster, M.D.*

Baron Nestrol: I can understand why people attend a ball, but why anybody should give a ball is something entirely beyond my comprehension.

## EIGHTH SEASON Second Grand AFTERNOON AND EVENING FESTIVAL OF THE

Catholic Literary & Benevolent



UNION OF DEAF-MUTES, Wednesday, September 5, 1888.

At Harlem River Casino & Gardens (127th Street and Second Avenue.) MUSIC BY PROF. R. E. SAUSE.

Tickets admitting holder upon payment of 25 cents at the box office, can be obtained from any of the members of the Union, or at the gate on day of picnic.

No tickets of Festival and Games of June 25th received for admission, as this is no postponed occasion.

Efforts will be made to secure the service of John M. Stout, the champion deaf-mute bicyclist, to give an exhibition of his fancy riding. That alone will be worth the price of admission.

The dancing arrangements will be under the charge of a well selected committee, and the arrangement committee will do all in their power to make the event a highly enjoyable occasion for both deaf-mutes and their hearing friends.

Prof. Sause will assist in this direction in the musical line, and though the last of the season, it will, by no means, be the less, in an enjoyable sense, for that reason.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS. JAMES RUSSELL, Chairman. J. P. DORRIS, J. J. TRISCH, J. L. LAGRE, JR., J. F. O'BRIEN.

## 100 AGENTS WANTED.

Price 25 Cents. A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE REV.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the first great Educator of the Deaf in America

Prepared on the occasion of the Gallaudet Centennial Celebration, December, 1887. A biographical sketch on the occasion of the Gallaudet Centennial Commemoration, December, 1887, by

REV. HENRY W. BYLE, M.A., With numerous illustrations engraved by WM. R. CULLINGWORTH—32 pages—36 engravings.

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## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

As Frontispiece there is a very large and fine portrait, of Dr. Gallaudet, with autograph. Others are Mrs. Sophia F. Gallaudet, "Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, D.D.," "President Edward Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D.," "Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, M.D.," two portraits, "Alice Cogswell, Mrs. L. H. Signorrey," "The Abbe de l'Espece," "The Blind, 'Jean Massieu,'" "Laurent Clerc, the first deaf from old French portrait," "Lewis Weld," "Harvey F. Post, LL.D.," David E. Bartlett, Rev. William W. Turner, Ph.D., "Samuel Porter.

"The House in Prospect Street, Hartford, occupied as the first school for the Deaf, 1817, American Asylum, Hartford, in 1821 and 1827," "Paris Institution, from an original painting," "L'Espece, interior view," "Silver Pitcher and Salver presented to Dr. Gallaudet by the Deaf, Monuments to Gallaudet and Clerc, Bas-relief on Gallaudet's monument.

W. R. CULLINGWORTH, 721 Preston Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

## DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

## BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, at Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry J. Thuring, President; Jacob Schwartz, First Vice-President; Alex. Bataille, 2d Vice-President; W. A. Bond, Secretary; Thos. Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel Minihan, Sergeant-at-Arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, W. A. Bond, No. 158 Conesleya Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theodore Grady; Vice-President, Moses L. Aronson; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday of each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 323 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

## CAPITAL CITY ASSOCIATION.

Meetings are held every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m., in St. Paul's Parish house, entrance on Jay Street. Its officers are: President, W. G. Shanker; 1st Vice-President, C. F. Mull; 2d Vice-President, Philip Sharkey; Treasurer, C. H. Sparrow; Secretary, M. R. Palmer; Chairman of Committee, G. E. Mull. All business matters should be addressed to the Secretary, whose address is 233 Madison Avenue, Albany, N. Y. Its regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen, while its business on the Thursday of each month.

## CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the mental and social improvement of its members. It holds its meetings in Anderson Hall, No. 192 West 5th Street, on the first and third Saturdays of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors can be invited by members. The President, William K. Rockeb, and Mr. Chas. Thomas, Secretary, No. 67 West Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.

## CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of St. Stephen's Church, Tenth Street, above Clermont Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the mental and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Washington Houston is President, James S. Reider, Secretary, 1508 Summer St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## CHARITABLE RELIEF SOCIETY.

The purpose of the Society is principally of a social improvement, and to keep the needy in our class. The officers' special meeting holds every fortnight, and the members' meeting comes every month at Alpha Hall, No. 18 Essex Street, until further notice. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. Frank C. Davis; Vice-President, Miss Bertha G. Peterson; Secretary, Mrs. George Holmes; Treasurer, Mrs. Frank W. Bigelow; Executive Committee, Mrs. Wm. Lynde, Mrs. Rhoda Barnard, Mrs. Wm. Rudolph. For information and communication, address to the Secretary, Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes, Rockland Street, Brighton, Mass.

## DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing into closer intercourse, the former students of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes of the City of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets twice a month, and the President is Mr. Adolph Pfeiffer. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, Samuel Frankheim, 531 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

## DE L'EPPE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

Meetings, the first and third Sunday of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission, 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Edw. J. Carr is President. For information and communication, address to Mr. Wm. F. Fields, Secretary, 1229 Fulton Street, or to Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine Street.

## EASTON ASSOCIATION.

Meets every Thursday evening at 220 North Third Street, below Bushkill Street, at 7:30 P.M. Its object is of a diversified character and covers a wide scope. Visitors always cordially welcomed. Elam Will, President; Samuel Price, Treasurer; Alex. L. Pach, Secretary, Address, 220 North Third Street, Easton, Pa. Residence, United States Hotel.

## GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes (formerly the Boston Association of Deaf-Mutes) holds services in the basement of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Boston, every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's sermons appear on the first and third Sundays of each month. All are welcome. Literary exercises once a month. Lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1888 are: E. W. Frisbie, President; Robert Dockharty, Vice-President; A. W. Orcutt, Secretary; E. Duran, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave, Librarian.

## GRANITE STATE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows: Willie E. White, President, Bennington; Wm. Deering, Secretary, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

## HOBOKEN DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The object of the above organization is to promote the social intercourse of its members. Only deaf-mutes of Hudson County can become members. For the present, the members meet at 147 Washington St. All communications should be addressed to Anthony Capelli, 102 River Street, Hoboken, N. J.

## PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago Deaf-Mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and their friends. It is open to Pas-a-Pas "step by step." The officers are: C. C. Codman, President; J. K. Watson, Vice-President; J. J. Kleinhans, Secretary; and C. L. Ba, Treasurer. Secretary's address is 883 N. Clark St.

## (DIRECTORY—CONTINUED)

### ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meeting at 919 Olive Street, Room 12, 3d floor, in the Empire Building. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, William Bedford; Vice-President, Marcus H. Kerr; Secretary, J. J. Smith; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Samuel Perlmutter; Trustees, George T. Dougherty and J. Y. Merrell. Secretary's address is No. 901 Bidle Street.

### ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingstone St., Brooklyn. Object: mutual aid. All communications to the Secretary, J. J. Mahoney, 2020 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### THE EPHPHATHA CLUB, OF BOSTON.

The Ephphatha Club was organized in October, 1886. Its object is to promote social relations of its members. Its annual meeting for the election of officers take place the first Monday of every January. Gentlemen can be admitted to the club as members at any time by applying to the Secretary. Visitors, outside of fifteen miles radius of Boston, can be admitted to the club room, at 18 Essex St., by applying to the President, or any friend, who is a member. Its officers are as follows: President, Wallace H. Krause; Vice-President, Edward Duran; Secretary, George C. Sawyer; Treasurer, W. F. Carter; Librarian, James Hadley; Executive Committee, John J. McNeil, John Mudge and Charles A. Douglas. Secretary's address is Ephphatha Club, 18 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

### THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P.M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting of ladies and gentlemen is every other Saturday evening. The object is the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. Officers: President, Chas. A. Smith, First Vice-President, Harrison But, Second Vice-President, James M. Witbeck, Secretary, James G. Taylor, Treasurer, H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P.M., under the leadership of its Chairman, Mr. J. J. Taylor. Strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to drop in at the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is H. C. Bascom's Shop, cor. River and Hoosic Streets, Troy, N. Y.

### THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officered by W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn. Its officers are: W. Bigelow, of Chelsea, Mass., Vice-President; Geo. C. Sawyer, 183 Fort Hill Square, Boston, Mass., Secretary; Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., Treasurer. Trustees: Charles Folsom, for Maine; William Bailey, for Massachusetts; Edwin H. French, for New Hampshire; J. T. Keefe, for Vermont; Henry C. Doolittle, for Connecticut; and John F. Donnelly, for Rhode Island. It is to meet in 1888.

### THE NEW JERSEY LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel, in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, John P. Cotter; 1st Vice-President, Peter Kinney; 2d Vice-President, John Ward; Treasurer, Wm. H. Caldwell; Secretary, John J. Jastram; Sergeant-at-Arms, Edgar Jastram. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Charles L. Jastram, No. 9 Ashland St., Newark, N. J.

### THE SALEM SOCIETY.

The Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes is an unaffiliated society, organized in Sept. 28, 1874, and occupies a whole building of four rooms, No. 2 rear of Mansfield Block. Divine services, every Sunday, and prayer meeting, every Friday evening. The members are at liberty to use it at any time (day or evening) in the week for reading, etc. The officers of the Society for 1888 are Hardy P. Chapman, President; Mrs. Persis S. Bowden, Secretary; Henry A. Chamberlain, Treasurer; and Samuel Hamilton, and George Strout, Directors.

### THE SICARD CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

The object of this Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. The members meet in the basement of the Cathedral, Washington Street, at 4 o'clock P.M., every Sunday. This Association, being a branch of the De l'Espece C. D. M. A., has the same rules, and gives the same advantages. All welcome. Communications should be addressed to Mr. J. J. McNeil, President pro tem, Commercial Street, Dorchester, Mass.

### THE BAY STATE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are E. W. Frisbie, President; Wm. Bailey, Secretary; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

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